

Confetti

there is a sharp twist
of two cylinder halves
in opposite directions

and for a long moment
I am an astrologer
on the fearful cusp of
the decade

constellations of colored paper
forming and unforming
as we accelerate
around the sun

we return to the same place
I am the same
I wait for God to cast his net
through the explosion

the unformed manuscripts the plane tickets and homeless currencies the metallic pill packets
the headlines carrying catastrophe they flutter to the ground they are swept up and repackaged
for next year.

Haiku on Pollock

It's not Pollock's fault
paint stains everything except
the air it drips through

Abecedarian on Translation

Afterthoughts are all we have. Language psychologists used to
Believe that we all think in a specific language, that our neurons
Carry whole words and phrases
Directly to our mouths to then meander to the intended recipient's
Ears. But that doesn't explain the frustration of being unable to
Find the right word or why we memorize the
Gist of what someone has said but rarely retain the sentence verbatim.
How blessed we are that horrors nestle
In abstraction, a place they cannot stay long, but there
Jesus is a stream of light you cannot package into law and
Killing is not a present tense. I think words, I think
Language is an overworked seismograph. We are
Miniscule in this world and we
Need to refine our communion. Even lying
On your chest I'm not
Privy to your earthquakes, though I feel them too,
Quiet as wars in faraway cities
Ravaged by words. It's a miracle I understand this
Staccato of speech so unlike
The flow of blood in your veins or
Under bridges in cities belonging to the
Voiceless. I'd like to drown in
What was before, I'd like to
X-ray the planet, I'd like
You to understand why I'm quiet as you
Zip up your pants over all of creation.